

Worth The Wait by PeonyParty

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Summary:

Going to the Snow Ball with Eleven was worth all that wait.

Worth The Wait

It was the day. The day Hopper promised her she could go out into the world without extreme supervision or an elaborate disguise. The day she could wear pretty clothes, and go to school like a normal girl.

The day she'd go to Snow Ball with Mike, just like he promised.

"I don't have too many dresses left from when I was younger," Nancy says, laying one out onto the bed. "But I think this one would look really cute on you."

El traces the fabric of the dress with her fingertips, silky and so fancy, she thinks. So unlike most of the clothes.

"It's pretty," she says finally. "I can wear it?"

"Yeah of course," Nancy beams. "But first, let's do your hair and make-up!"

Eleven is an easy target for a makeover. She sits still and follows directions. Doesn't react even when some of the pearly purple eye shadow gets into her eye. Somehow, she trusts Nancy. Maybe because she's Mike's sister. Maybe because she's very pretty, and El wants to be pretty too.

Especially today.

And she is, she thinks, looking into the mirror keenly. Her lips are shiny, her cheeks are pink, and her hair is styled in soft waves, pulled back by a clip. She hopes Mike likes it as much as she does.

"Stop worrying so much, kid." Hopper says. "You'll have fun."

El believes him, but she's nervous. It's been a few days since she saw Mike last, and it didn't go so well. Hopper had been there, and though they talked a little and even held hands, she felt strange and uncomfortable. But Hopper said he didn't trust them not to do anything stupid, and though she didn't know what that meant, she accepted his presence.

But today Hopper won't be there, and that means that she can kiss Mike. Like she wanted to since they finally reunited. The thought makes her heart beat very fast.

Nearly as fast as Mike's heart beats when he sees her enter the gym. He'd been waiting for her, hoping that she'd make it after all. Hopper told him that it was dangerous, that he shouldn't have his hopes up. But he can't help it, and now there she is. Standing in the doorway, as beautiful as ever.

So beautiful in fact, that it makes his body feel weak. He barely notices his legs carrying him towards her.

"You look beautiful," he says.

Those words make her insides churn, so much so that she can only smile shyly and look down.

"Do you wanna dance?" Mike asks, and the realization dawns on her. Everyone around them, paired off and swaying softly to the music.

"I don't know how."

"I don't know either," Mike reassures her. "Do you want to figure it out?"

Eleven nods, feeling the anxiety slowly dissipating. Especially after he takes her hand and walks her into the crowd. It feels so nice to hold hands that way. To know that he's here and not going anywhere.

"Like this," he says, directing her hands to his shoulders. "Yeah, like that."

She grips him tighter as he places his hands on her waist, swaying to the music like everyone else. She's unsure if she's doing it right, but he smiles at her, bright and happy. And she can't help but smile back.

"I'm so happy that you could come," he says. "I was worried that you wouldn't be able to." His eyes seem darker now, more thoughtful. More serious.

"I'm happy too," El says, her fingers sliding closer towards his neck, hair brushing against them in a very satisfying way. "You didn't break your promise."

He shakes his head, "I promised a long time ago."

"It doesn't matter," she says. "We're together now."

It's possible she doesn't mean it that way. Very likely even. She's referring to the fact that they are indeed together in the moment, dancing in the middle of the gym. But he can't help think about the other meaning, the implication of it. It makes his stomach flip, fills him with euphoria.

There's so many things he could say, but he doesn't know the words. Her chocolate brown eyes are boring into his, her lips are parted in a light smile. And he remembers that lost moment, when she was on her way to save Hawkins once again. To close the gate. When she promised he'd never lose her. When she leaned into him. They'd have kissed then, if it weren't for Hopper. They'd have kissed many more times after that.

So he leans in, taking all of her in before the moment. Her slight blush, her soft curls, the way she helps close the space between them. He kisses her, lips against lips. She tastes like cherry, sweet and intoxicating.

It takes a moment for El to catch her breath. She's lightheaded, unable to hide her smile. Unable to hide the warmth spreading from her lips to her entire body. She leans in closer, touches foreheads.

Snow Ball was everything she dreamed and hoped for. Mike was everything she dreamed and hoped for. And he was worth the wait. He was worth the promise.

Author's Note:

I think I've rewatched the ending season 2 at least 50 times :P

Hope you enjoyed!